

A Day In The Life of the aPa

by Doug Troy

Category: Wrestling

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:17:31

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,385

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the hours before King Of The Ring, everyone is getting ready for battle... except for these two.

A Day In The Life of the aPa

A Day In The Life of the Acolytes Protection Agency

>A script by Doug Troy aka Doug Whitman.

>All characters used within are the property of Titan Sports
and their respective owners.

>
Shameless plug time: Go to Mr. Pink Productions
(<http://mrpinkproductions.8m.com>) for more wrestling commentary and stories.

>
Warning! This is the transcript of edited footage taken by
>a Fleet Center security camera. The language has not been

edited, and can be extreme at times. All wrestlers in the
>fic are in kayfabe (in character), so they will be acting
like they do on normal TV, only more uncensored. Enjoy.

>
^_^

>

>Text: "5:00 pm"
"2 hours until King Of The Ring"

>
Setting: OUTSIDE DX dressing room

>(The feed is black and white, as if from a security camera.

Faarooq and Bradshaw are standing in front of a door marked

>Degeneration X. They knock, and after a minute, Triple H
opens the door. Road Dogg, X-Pac and Stephanie McMahon can
>be seen in the room as well.)

>Triple H: "WHAT... oh, it's you guys."

>Bradshaw: "You called about wanting protection?"

>Triple H: "Yeah, I did. Here's what I need-uh. I need you
guys to guard this door until King Of The Ring starts, okay-
>uh?"

>Faarooq: "Yeah, sounds okay."

>Triple H: "If anyone wants in, you clear them with me
first, got

it?"
>
Bradshaw: "Yeah..."
>
Triple H: "Except for Vince and Shane. Those two have
>fucked everything up for me so far, I will not let them fuck

this up. Got it?"
>
Faarooq: "Yep..."
>
(Triple H stares for a few seconds at the two brawlers)

>
Triple H: "Good. There's two hours until the show starts.

>After that, you can go do whatever. Keep it quiet out here,
I
need to think."
>
(Triple H turns to go back into his dressing room)

>
Bradshaw: "Wait."
>
(Triple H turns toward Bradshaw.)
>
Triple H: "What?"
>
Bradshaw: "Mind letting us borrow your card table?"

>
Triple H: *sighs * "Fine."
>
Bradshaw: "Cool."
>
(Bradshaw goes into the dressing room.)
>
Triple H (to Faarooq): "What the fuck do you guys need a
>card table for?"

>Faarooq: "Why else do you think, honkey? If we can't play
cards,
we get bored. If we get bored, we usually go to a
>bar, and that means leaving yo' ass unguarded, and you don't

want that to happen, do you?"
>
Triple H (nervously): "No."
>
(Bradshaw walks back out of the dressing room, table in
>hand)

>Bradshaw: "Check this table out, Faarooq! Solid oak! Why
isn't
the table in our office ever this nice?"
>
(Bradshaw sets the table up)
>
Triple H: "Anything else?"
>
Faarooq: "Nope, we're fine."
>
Triple H: "Alright."
>
(Triple H walks back into his dressing room. Bradshaw and
>Faarooq go to sit down, but notice something...)

>Bradshaw: "Man, I forgot the damn chairs!"

>Faarooq: "Guess what? You can go get them. And the beer,
and the
cigars."
>
Bradshaw: "Aw, c'mon. I got the damn table!"
>
Faarooq: "Yeah, well I got the cards."
>
(Faarooq pulls a deck of cards from his shirt. Bradshaw
>swears and runs offscreen. Faarooq starts shuffling the
cards as
Pat Patterson, Hardcore Title slung over his
>shoulder, walks up to the door.)

>Faarooq: "Hey, hey hey, hold on. You can't go in there!"

>Patterson: "Why not?"

>Faarooq: "You have to ask? Give the man his privacy!"

>Patterson: "But my dress is in there!"

>Faarooq: ".....Dress? I'm not gonna ask..."

>Patterson: "For my match tonight!"

>Faarooq: "Right, sure."

>(Faarooq knocks on the door.)

>Faarooq: "Hey Jean-Paul!"

>Triple H (from behind door): "Don't EVER fucking call me
that again!"
>
Faarooq: "Yeah, whatever. Patterson wants his (snicker)

>dress, and he says that you have it in there."

>(After a moment, Triple H opens the door with a box in his

hands. He's trying not to laugh as he hands Patterson the

>box.)

>Triple H: "Here you go, Pat. Heh, good luck. We'll need
it."

>
(Triple H shuts the door.)
>
Patterson: "We'll need it? *I* need the luck."
>
Faarooq: "What *I* need is to go through life without
>seeing your old ass in a damn dress. Now get outta here!"

>(Patterson walks away. Faarooq walks back to the table,

muttering something about 'Bra and panties' and shaking in

>fear. Suddenly, a 12-pack of Budweiser and a box of cigars
roll
by on an office chair. Faarooq raises an eyebrow at
>that, then raises the other one as Bradshaw zooms by on
another
chair.)
>
Faarooq: "Having fun?"
>
Bradshaw: "Hell yeah. Check out the whip-ass chairs I got

>from the arena office. They're cushioned and they've got

wheels!"
>
(Bradshaw wheels up to the table, pulling the chair with the

>Bud and cigars with him. Faarooq grabs the Bud and puts it
on
the ground under the table and puts the box of cigars on
>the table. Bradshaw grabs a cigar from the box and lights
it as
Faarooq does the same. Faarooq opens the 12 pack up
>and has a horrifying realization.)

>Faarooq: "Aw, dammit! The beer's warm!"

>Bradshaw: "Well, shit. I guess that that's the breaks.
We'll
just have to drink it warm."
>
Faarooq: "Look, I don't give a shit about what the French

>do, but I drink my beer cold. Warm beer, that just ain't
right!"

>
Bradshaw: "Good point."
>
(Bradshaw gets up and knocks on HHH's dressing room door.

>HHH answers the door, pissed off.)

>Triple H: "WHAT?! What is it now?!"

>Bradshaw: "Hey, don't cop an attitude with me, boy. I just
wanna
know if we can borrow your mini-fridge."
>
Triple H: "NO!"
>
(Triple H slams the door shut. Bradshaw shrugs his
>shoulders and sits down.)

>Bradshaw: "Rude asshole."

>Faarooq: "Damn straight. I can deal with warm beer if you
can."

>
Bradshaw: "Watch me and learn, son."
>
(Bradshaw grabs a Bud, pops the top, and chugs it down. His

>eyes bulge suddenly, and he spews the beer out of his
mouth.)

>
Faarooq: "Damn, man. You got that warm shit all over the

>table."

>Bradshaw: "Aw, Goddammit! That warm beer tastes like
shit!"

>
Faarooq: "Told ya. Wanna deal?"

>
Bradshaw: "Nah, you deal."

>
Faarooq: "Alright, the game is the same as it everytime:

>Standard Five Card Poker."

>Bradshaw: "You sound like a damn Las Vegas dealer."

>Faarooq: "So?"

>(Faarooq passes the cards around as the screen fades to
black.)

>
Text: "5:30 pm"

>"1 hour, 30 minutes to King Of The Ring"

>(Fade in to...)

>Setting: OUTSIDE DX dressing room
(Faarooq and Bradshaw are busy with a hand of poker when

>Gerald Brisco runs up to them, a box in his hand)

>Brisco: "Hey, guys."

>Faarooq: "Hey."

>Bradshaw: "Hey. How goes the body shop?"

>Faarooq: "Yeah, does Patterson still do rear-end work down
there?"

>
Brisco: "It's going fine, guys, but I need to know if
you've seen Mr. MacMan around here lately."

>Bradshaw: "What, you need him to zip up your dress?"

>Brisco: "Very funny, Bradshaw. Have you seen him?"

>Bradshaw: "Nope."

>Patterson (offscreen): "Hey guys!"

>(Patterson runs into the frame, clad in an outfit that makes
him bear an eerie resemblance to the Fabulous Moolah.

>Bradshaw takes one look and bursts into laughter while
Faarooq adverts his eyes from the grotesque sight.)

>
Brisco: "Jesus Christ, Pat! You know we still have another

>three hours before our match!"

>Patterson: "So? Have any of you guys seen Crash Holly?"

>Faarooq: "No. Now leave, you dirty old bastard."

>Brisco: "Why, Pat?"

>Patterson: "That son of a bitch attacked me and pinned me
for the Hardcore Title!"

>
Brisco: "What? Good. That means no match tonight."

>
(Brisco walks offscreen)

>
Patterson: "Brisco! Come back here!"

>
Bradshaw: "Look at him, Faarooq."

>
Faarooq: "Hell no."

>
Bradshaw: "He's wearing pantyhose, man."

>
Faarooq: "What?"

>
(Faarooq takes a quick peek at Patterson, then covers his

>eyes again.)

>Faarooq: "Aw, damn. That just ain't right."

>(Patterson shrugs his shoulders and walks off.)

>Bradshaw: "He's gone, Faarooq."

>Faarooq: "He better be, or I'm gonna have to kick his ass."

>(Faarooq uncovers his eyes.)

>Faarooq: "Man, I'm gonna be havin' nightmares about that
now."

>
Bradshaw: "The thing I can't figure out is when he learned

>how to walk in high-heels."

>Faarooq: "Sheeeeeeit. Don't even get me thinkin' about
that."

>
(The Acolytes go back to their poker game as the scene fades

>to black.)

>Text: "5:45 pm"
"1 hour, 15 minutes to King of The Ring"

>
Setting: OUTSIDE DX dressing room
>(Faarooq and Bradshaw are busy with another hand of poker
when
suddenly Crash Holly runs in, panting heavily, Hardcore
>Title in hand.)

>Bradshaw: "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on there, small fry.
What's
the rush? Where'd you get the belt?"
>
Crash: "Guys, you gotta help me! I beat up Patterson and
>got my belt back, but the Mean Street Posse saw me do it,
and
now I know they're coming after me. You just gotta help
>me!"

>Faarooq: "Wait, what about that 'breach of contract'
bullshit
you were peddling earlier?"
>
Crash: "Look, I'm sorry about that, but please! You gotta

>help me!"

>Bradshaw: "That depends, Elroy. You got your pot full of
gold?"

>
Crash: "What?"
>
Faarooq: "Your money, Lucky the Leprechaun. Do you got

>money?"

>Crash: "Yeah! Here..."

>(Crash throws wad of money on the table)

>Bradshaw: "Good midget. Now have a seat."

>(Crash looks miffed after the midget comment, but he sits
down.
He looks offscreen, and his eyes widen)
>
Crash: "Oh shit! I hear them coming!"
>
Bradshaw: "Then hide, Max Mini."
>
Crash: "Wha?"
>
(Without another word, Bradshaw grabs Crash, opens the DX

>dressing room door, and flings Crash in.)

>Bradshaw: "Watch Munchkin boy for a sec!"

>(Bradshaw shuts the door as the Mean Street Posse (Joey Abs,

Rodney, and Pete Gas) enter the frame.)
>
Joey Abs: "Hey, guys. Have you seen a little fella run

>through here carrying a Hardcore Title belt?"

>Faarooq: "Nope, we haven't."

>Joey Abs: "You sure?"

>(Faarooq stands up quickly, a sneer on his face.)

>Faarooq: "Are you calling me a liar, punk?"

>Joey Abs: "No sir. We'll leave now."

>(The Posse start walking away slowly, too slowly for
Faarooq's

taste. He steps toward the Posse, and the Posse
>go from walking to scrambling for the nearest corner)

>Faarooq: "Damn!"

>(Bradshaw opens the DX dressing room door wide enough for
the
camera to see Road Dogg putting on a referee shirt. X-

>Pac kicks Crash Holly in the head and goes for the cover as
Road
Dogg counts. Road Dogg only gets to 2 before Bradshaw

>picks X-Pac up by the hair and chucks him off of Crash. He
then
hauls Crash up by the neck and sets him rather rudely

>onto the empty chair.)

>Crash (dazed): "Th... thanks guys."

>Faarooq: "Shut up and deal, Dink the Clown"

>Fade out

>Text: "6:00 pm."
"1 hour until King Of The Ring"

>
Fade in

>
(Crash, Faarooq, and Bradshaw are engrossed in a tense game

>of poker. Crash has a noticeably large pile of poker chips
at
his end of the table. With a wide smile, Crash reveals

>his hand...)

>Crash: "Four aces! Whaddaya know? Ha ha!"

>Faarooq: "Damn!"

>(Bradshaw buries his face in his hands.)

>Crash: "Aww, c'mon! Don't be a sore loser!"

>(Without warning, Bradshaw hauls off and decks Crash,
knocking
him and his chair over. There is a dull thud as

>Crash's head hits the tile.)

>Bradshaw: "Oops."

>Faarooq: "Dammit, did you kill him? Aww, shit! And he was
our
best customer, too."

>
(Bradshaw kneels over Crash's body and checks for a pulse.)

>
Bradshaw: "Well, that's a relief. He's alive."

>
Faarooq: "Good."

>
(Bradshaw stares at the prone body of Crash for a minute)

>
Bradshaw: "Should I?"

>
Faarooq: "Should you what? Ah, damn! What do you think

>this is, 'Deliverance?'"

>Bradshaw: "Hell no. I ain't no Patterson. Should I go for
the
pin? The 24/7 thing is still going, and I'm curious

>about what it's like to be Hardcore champ."

>Faarooq: "Justin, he paid us to make sure he didn't lose
the
belt. Pinning him would defeat that purpose."

>
Bradshaw: "Ah know, but we can just give it back to him..."

>
Faarooq: "Fine, go ahead."

>
Bradshaw: "Great. Now where's a ref..."

>
(At that moment, Earl Hebner walks by)

>
Bradshaw: "Hey, Earl! C'mere!"

>
Earl: "Hey, guys. How's the poker game going?"

>
Faarooq: "Bradshaw interrupted it by kicking Stuart

>Little's ass over there."

>Bradshaw: "Mind giving out a three count, Earl?"

>Earl: "What the hell, why not?"

>(Earl gets on his knees as Bradshaw covers Crash. Earl taps
out
a slow 1-2-3 on the tile.)

>
Bradshaw: "Yes! I am a winner! Whoooo!"

>
Earl: "Anything else you guys need?"

>
Bradshaw: "Nope, that'll be all."
>
(Earl walks away, while Bradshaw drapes the Hardcore belt
>over his shoulder. He stands proudly for a few minutes.)

>Faarooq: "So, how's it feel to be Hardcore champ?"

>Bradshaw: "Not any different than normal."

>Faarooq: "No difference?"

>Bradshaw: "Nope. I thought it'd feel a little more extreme
than
normal, but I still feel the same."
>
(Silence as both ponder the situation)
>
Bradshaw: "So now what?"
>
Faarooq: "Now you have to defend that title."
>
Bradshaw: "Anyway I can just get rid of it? How 'bout I
>pawn it at a shop?"

>Faarooq: "Sheeeeit, that thing ain't worth more than five
bucks.
I wouldn't pay a dime for that busted-ass belt."
>
Bradshaw: "So what else can I do?"
>
Faarooq: "Job it away."
>
Bradshaw: "Job it away? To who?"
>
(Faarooq points at the body of Crash Holly)
>
Bradshaw: "I'm supposed to let Mini-Me pin me? Are you

>fuckin' nuts?"

>Faarooq: "It's either that or a hardcore evening gown match against
Brisco and Patterson later on tonight."

>(Right then, Tim White walks past)

>Bradshaw: "Hey, Tim. Couldja come over here?"

>Tim: "Hello. What can I do you for?"

>Bradshaw: "Uh, I want you to count a pinfall."

>Tim: "On who?"

>Bradshaw (quietly): "Crash pinning me."

>Tim: What?

>Bradshaw: "Crash Holly pinning me!"

>Faarooq: *chuckles*

>Tim: "You're kidding, right?"

>(Bradshaw lays down and pulls Crash over him. Tim shrugs
his
shoulders and counts 1-2-3. Bradshaw rolls Crash off of
>him.)

>Bradshaw: "Thanks, Tim."

>Tim: "Anytime."

>(Tim walks away as Bradshaw sits down in his chair. There
is a
low *groan* as Crash pulls himself up to the table.)
>
Crash: "Wha happened?"
>
Faarooq: "Your stupid munchkin ass fell outta the chair."

>
Bradshaw: "Yep."
>
Crash: "Oh... Anything else?"
>
(Faarooq and Bradshaw give each other knowing glances.)

>
Fade out
>
Text "6:30 pm"
>"30 minutes until King Of The Ring"

>Fade in
Setting: DX DRESSING ROOM - EXTERIOR
>(Faarooq and Bradshaw have stopped with their game of poker.

Crash Holly is sleeping in a corner, cradling his Hardcore

>Belt like a teddy bear. Faarooq has a book, and Bradshaw is

slugging back a beer and reading a porno magazine)

>
Bradshaw: "...Likes beer, poker, monster trucks, and
>cigars. Loves big sweaty Texans, especially those who are
pro
wrestlers... Hot damn! Hey Faarooq."
>
Faarooq: "What?"
>
Bradshaw: "What do you think of this one?"
>
(Bradshaw turns the magazine on its side and pulls down

>another flap. Faarooq's eyes widen.)

>Faarooq: "DAMN!"

>Bradshaw: "It's a match made in heaven. Should I give her
a
call?"
>
Faarooq: "Go for it. Hey, you know when they're showing
>our match from Tuesday?"

>Bradshaw: "Should be on in a few minutes."

>(Suddenly, the Dudley Boyz walk into frame, toting lead
pipes.
Bradshaw stands up to intercept)
>
Bradshaw: "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where do you two think you're

>goin'?"

>Buh-Buh: "To see DX. We want to, um, reconsider this match
thing
and talk our differences over."
>
Faarooq: "Uh-huh. So what's the lead pipes for?"
>
Buh-Buh: "Um, for protection?"
>
(D-Von takes the opportunity to smack Buh-Buh upside the

>head with his non-pipe-toting hand.)

>Buh-Buh: "Ow! What was that for, D-Von? I didn't tell
them that
we were gonna sneak in and beat up DX... oops."
>
Bradshaw (to Faarooq): "Should we?"
>
Faarooq: "It's on like neckbone, sucka! Let's kick their

>punk-asses!"

>(Cue the Pier-Four brawl as both parties tear into each
other.
Crash, hearing the noise, wakes up suddenly and
>tilts the chair back too far, tipping both over.)

>Rodney (Offscreen): "There he is!"

>Pete Gas (offscreen): "Get 'em!"

>(Crash starts getting up just as the Mean Street Posse runs
into
frame. Joey nails Crash with and right cross and goes
>for a cover. Pete Gas breaks it up, and covers, which in
turn
brings Rodney into the fray. Same thing, different
>Posse member. Crash gets up and runs away as the Posse
starts to
fight amongst each other. Slowly, the Posse
>realizes that Crash is no longer there, so they give chase.
As
the Dudleyz and aPa fight, The Rock slides into the
>frame, grabs a steel chair, and runs into the DX dressing
room.
Faarooq gets rammed into the wall as Bradshaw becomes
>the recipient of the Dudley Death Drop. Buh-Buh goes after

Faarooq as D-Von administers last rites to Bradshaw.
>Faarooq hauls Buh-Buh up for a stiff-ass spinebuster. As
Buh-Buh
rolls on the ground, yelling in pain, The Rock walks
>out of the DX dressing room, steel chair noticeably dented.)

>Faarooq: (slowly realizing) "Ah, shit!"

>(D-Von runs to Buh-Buh and the both of them run from the
scene.
Bradshaw slowly gets up, shaking his head. Faarooq
>leans against the wall, snickering)

>Bradshaw: "What's so funny?"

>Faarooq: "Watching you get your ass kicked."

>Bradshaw: "Bite me."

>(Bradshaw stands up fully and looks at the damage. Then he

notices the opened DX dressing room door.)
>
Bradshaw: "Aw, crap."
>
(Faarooq knocks on the opened door)
>
Faarooq: "Hey, you guys okay in there?"
>
(They respond with pained groaning. Triple H walks out,

>holding his head.)

>Bradshaw: "You okay?"

>HHH: "No, I'm not okay, you numbskull! I paid you to
protect us,
and you let the Rock in! What the hell is wrong
>with you two-uh?"

>Faarooq: "Hey, don't yell at us, punk! We got attacked by
those
Dudley retards!"
>
HHH: "I DON'T GIVE A RATS ASS! You didn't do your job, so

>I'm not going to pay you."

>(Bradshaw and Faarooq glare at Triple H.)

>Bradshaw: "You... aren't going to pay us?"

>HHH: "After dealing with your incompetence? You bet yer
ass I
won't!"
>
(No one reacts for a second, then)
>
Faarooq: "Well I'll be DAMNED."
>
(Both Acolytes rush Triple H and proceed to pound the shit

>out of him. Punches, kicks, headers into the wall, followed
by
Bradshaw's Lariat from Hell. Bradshaw then picks the
>prone Triple H up by the hair, drags him over to the card
table
and puts Triple H's head between his leg. Faarooq
>comes over to help, and the aPa put Triple H through the
card
table with the Assisted Powerbomb. Satisfied with
>their work, they both walk off screen as the feed...)

>Fades to black

>The End

>^_^

>Faarooq, Bradshaw, Crash Holly, Triple H, X-Pac, Road Dogg,

Stephanie McMahon, Gerald Brisco and Pat Patterson are

>copyright Titan Sports and their respective owners. No harm
was
intended by this fictional account of a fictional sport.
>This story is copyright Mr. Pink Productions.

>God, that copyright bullshit is a pain in the ass, ain't it?
Ask
the Net.cop Scott Keith for more details on how
>copyrights suck.

>So, how'd y'all like it? Tell me! E-mail me at

mrpink67@hotmail.com and tell me what you think. Positive

>feedback keeps the stories coming.

>^_^

>Stinger:

>Text: "6:55 pm"
"5 minutes until King Of The Ring"

>
Setting: DX DRESSING ROOM - EXTERIOR
>(Crash Holly runs back onscreen, belt in tow. He looks
around
nervously)
>
Crash: "Guys? Where'd you go?"

>
(Suddenly, Patterson rushes into the frame and clocks Crash
>with a steel chair. He covers the fallen Crash while Mike
Chioda
runs in and taps out a three-count.)
>
Patterson: "YES! I WIN! THE MATCH IS STILL GOING!"
>
Fade out
> <p><p>

End
file.